

ARRAIGNMENT OF AMERICAN WEALTH KINGS.

TO JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, J. P. MORGAN, OGDEN ARMOUR, AND OTHER
PLUTOCRAT WRECKERS OF THE NATION.

*You have made us slaves, by treachery and seduction are debauching us
into a race of cowards, and by commission of the highest
crimes you own and are the United States.*

I will name your crimes.

You have confiscated the nation's wealth.

Thereby you have changed a free people into a population of serfs, wiping out the achievements of ages.

You are incarnate Greed, vultures in form of men, arrogant, shameless, inhuman. Among the worst characters of all time there has not lived a more besottedly rapacious crew.

Brutal as beasts of prey, you have pitilessly wrecked what was highest in America. You have trampled out Liberty, Opportunity, Equality, Justice, Intelligence, Manhood, Character. Whoever would live and work in this country now must be your groom.

You are Enemies of Law. No laws are holy to you but those you have bought to shelter your riotous raids on the people's wealth. By Swindle, Fraud, Corruption, Brutality and Robbery, you have broken or nullified every man you could not bribe.

You are owners and slave-drivers of venal United States senators, an aggregation nearly all of obsequious flunkies; you are whippers and suborners of Legislatures; you are steerers of judges, from the perfidious supreme court to the suppliant petty courts. The willowy men in these offices lick your feet and quake under your scowl. Whom you cannot drive you wheedle and fool with your army of traitor lawyers.

You are Common Robbers, far more contemptible and accursed than the meanest pickpocket. But for the hysterical fear you have bred you would be in felons' cells or already hanged. You have executed a Revolution of Confiscation, with Misery, Madness, and Death in its train.

You have carried Monopoly, which is nothing but criminal piracy, to the highest pitch. It is a cannibalistic, anti-human force, the dastard's and bully's instrument for grinding, yes, and butchering the weak. To wrench needed bread out of men's mouths is to slaughter them.

You have foully assaulted every American home. You have impoverished families, depraved their standard of life, filched their food, starved their children of health, joy, intelligence, and so poisoned the deepest

fountains of race growth. This you have done that you may guzzle and swill wealth and lord over man. Every babe in an American cradle is tributary to the suction of your vampire wills, condemned to be warped, distorted, and dwarfed by you for life. You drink its strength, you amputate its faculties, you kill its soul. The whole human breed in the land is pigmyized to fatten you. And what are you when fattened? Still more insatiable swine!

Already you have pauperized millions. Multitudes cry helplessly for bread while you gorge, annihilating the people's wealth in cancerous luxury. Haggard, sunken-eyed women with skeleton children at their dry breasts moan in frenzy and desolation, dying inch by inch, withered victims of your damnable gain-greed. And with the gangrene *Want* eating out the life of mankind through your hellish acts, you frolic in hideous excess.

This is America. American patriots died for the country that you might tear it from their children and drive them to toil as your white slaves under the Lash of Need. You have dragged the nation's ideals in mud and spewed on them. Where will your insolence stop? Soon thirty million paupers will swell your gloating pomp, cursing us with national shipwreck or the bloodiest revolution in human annals. You are near the abyss. Torture your kind a little longer and crazed man will glut his vengeance on you until none of you are left to die.

I arraign you as Murderers. Men are not killed alone by blows, but by the infamous pressure on their lives from the rich. You kill that way. You are assassins of the poor.

Hypocrites, you perpetrate these crimes in the name of Right and Religion. You trick men with vulgar petty bribes of unclean gifts to universities, churches, libraries and science, making them all servile partners in your iniquities, so that your potency in corruption was never paralleled.

You buy huge-feed counsel to pilot you through the slumbering laws and paint over the stains of your guilt that men may not tear you to pieces. Yet even the wretches who kiss the earth where you step know your blackness. There are your mountains of wealth. Where did you get them? *Out of the people, vilely.* And you posture as innocents!

Think what you have done, Rockefeller, Morgan, and your felon brood of conspirators, to crush life, ruin happiness, and slay hope! Think of the hell you have kindled in innocent lives! And you dare still hug your foully-got gold, with the perdition you have lighted raging to explosion!

Devilishly greedy, reptiles in perfidy, subtle in dodging the cell and hangman, you have broken men's hearts, smiled, and broken other men's hearts. You have mangled the nation's vitals, and mocked. If you are the most powerful men in the hemisphere, you are also the most terribly hated. And justly. The Czar *inherited* criminal despotism, you *seized* it. You are our Hated Czars. The curse of all men shall fall on you.

By these foul deeds you have lifted yourselves into Kings of the United States. Where is Government of the people, by the people, for the people? Dead. You killed it. And so have you cowed this vast Commonwealth by your craft that 80 million souls grovel in wormlike fear of you. Like

tyrant potentates of old you ravish billions, toss back the rabble a sop of cents, and think you can throttle man forever.

John Hampden was assessed a paltry 20 shillings unjustly by an English King, and that King's head fell on the block. A small arbitrary tax on tea cost England America. Do you then, profligately robbing every citizen through every pore, impudently seizing all men have, fancy that none will revolt to unsceptre you?

Fools, not all Americans are faithless poltroons under your heel. The time is here when all decent men, stung by your abhorrent selfishness, will brand you as the vilest human enemies. They will treat you as social lepers, which you are. They will set their faces against you like steel. They will refuse to work for you, traffic with you, feed you, house you, clothe you, endure you, ostracizing you to burning contempt and making your names a hissing. They will discrown and depose you, and if your madness compels, destroy you.

I as one citizen repudiate your sovereignty. I denounce you and your infamous tax on me and every motion of my life. I cancel your tax on my soul. Where is your title? Who made you deities over man? Who gave you right to mow an endless swath of death, rating men cattle?

I denounce you as traitors. It is treason to tear the country from its owners and conduct it as a private plantation for your bloated enrichment and their ruin. It is treason to imbrute your countrymen by smashing them between the millstones of low pay and high charge for the things of life. It is treason to poison them with polluted food which you sell at a profit of beetling billions.

Were a stranger to do these fiendish works the whole nation would rise and grind him to dust. Is a domestic Judas, masked as a friend, sweeter than a foreign enemy? What words can depict your guilt or tell the magnitude of your treason? If the iniquity of your sullied lives could stir your shame you would go and hang yourselves.

But when the people understand they will make you sensible of the blot you are on the nation. They will treat you as a cancerous growth to be extirpated. For either you will kill the nation or the nation will remove you. A handful of resolute citizens can destroy your villainous fabric built on the nation's stupid fear.

By a few declaring that your robber rights are rescinded, by their refusal in act to admit your false ownership of wealth or observe a truce with you, by their treating your wealth as contraband and you as outlaws, by the edict of restoration as the slave was restored to himself, the whole people will recover manhood, and ceasing to grovel to you as gods will proceed toward you as the basest reprobates.

It is now war with you to the end. It shall be war without compromise. You are utterly venomous and deadly; you have proved that your type cannot exist with safety to mankind. Your caste must go.

In this war you will lose. Your predatory Kingdom and Slavery bar Industrial Equality and Liberty. Autocracy of Wealth now manacles us, we shall have Democracy of Wealth. You wrung from the whole

people, restore your stealings to the whole people. We cannot return to divided industry. Unity is the modern idea, but unity under all, not under a horde of Vandals. Transfer the title of your wealth to the public.

You will not? Then it shall be taken from you. If like wild beasts you cling to your stolen billions, they shall be wrested back. The eternal war for freedom will break on your heads, who are the last and meanest slave-makers. For while all white men here grew in liberty as their supreme right, you have beaten them down into a worse than chattel servitude. A tocsin will ring through the land thundering your extinction. You shall be forced to disgorge. What strength have you except this senseless popular fear?

The fear will pass. You will be hauled from your thrones, your stolen booty restored to its creators, and if you end your lives free it will be through the magnanimity of a continent of victims.

Insane that you are, filling men's hearts with passions that terribly explode, rushing headlong to doom, Down with your power! Enemies of Humanity, of Progress, of everything worthy on the planet, heap no more insults on the nation of one-time freemen, now flayed by your merciless tolls and fleeced to the bone by your frantic avarice.

People, Rise and throw these extortioners off. Be free. Reconquer Liberty. Confiscate the wealth they have torn from you. Defy the brazen despots and their spiderweb bonds.

If you cravenly palter a second civil war will be the only blade that can cut out the tumor of their dynasty. Daily and hourly they entrench themselves. It is better for the crisis to come now than for these brigands to be suffered to lay another stone on the bastile of our liberties.

Remember the cause dedicated to us by our fathers, to brighten, renew, and hand on increased the Flame of Freedom.

Strike! Deeds only count! Take back your own!

NEW YORK CITY
JUNE 1906.

MORRISON I. SWIFT.

Reader, you are requested to reprint and circulate this Arraignment in your district. A copy will be sent upon application.